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"A SUDDEN THOUGHT STRIKES ME—LET US SWEAR ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP."

"AND THERE, ABOVE THE LITTLE GRAVE—
OH, THERE ABOVE THE LITTLE GRAVE,
WE KISSED AGAIN WITH TEARS!"

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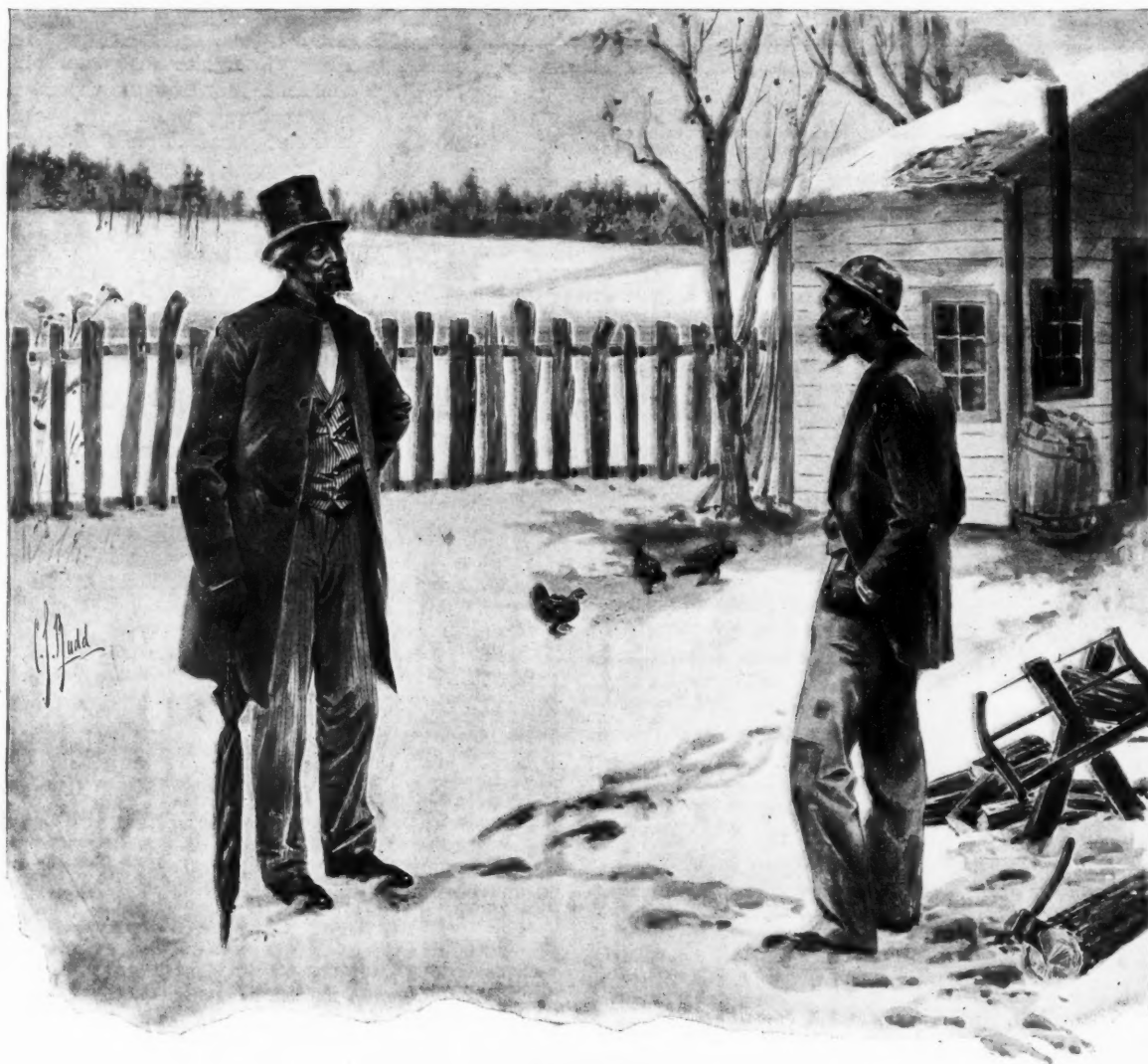
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AMBIGUOUS.

"I AM SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOU HAVE LOST YOUR WIFE, CICERO."

"YES, PAHSON, BUT DE LAWD KNOWS WOT'S BES' FOH US."

MARY'S LITTLE CALF.

MARY had a little calf,
'Neath stocking white as snow,
And everywhere the sawdust leaked
The calf was sure to go.

DR. BEAN, who runs the Castle Garden Aquarium, wants a man-eating shark. It is suggested that application at the office of the *Evening Post* would almost certainly result in

permission to use the Hon. Thomas C. Platt for bait, or even to exhibit Mr. Platt until the desired monster can be procured. Mr. Platt's presence in the Aquarium would excite much interest.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THE disposition of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to have a war with Spain is interesting, of course, but does not seem at this writing to be a cause for immediate anxiety. The resolution which the Committee recommends, that the United States shall recognize the independence of Cuba and intervene to stop the war, is not likely to come to a vote even in the Senate until after the holidays. The Foreign Affairs Committee of the House is understood to be almost unanimously opposed to it, so it

is not certain that it would pass the House, and if it would we have what amounts to an assurance from Secretary Olney and the President that it will be vetoed. Whether, if Congress should pass the resolution over the President's veto, any action would result, is a question for constitutional lawyers, and the grounds for a negative answer are so good as to discourage the experiment. It seems pretty safe, therefore, to believe that we will not risk coming to blows with Spain until either she compels us to, or the President gets ready.



THE immediate incentive to this latest action of the Senate Committee was the report that the death of Maceo was due to treachery, and was not accomplished according to the rules of civilized warfare. This report, which stirred such resentful emotions in this country, as was noted last week in LIFE, has not at this writing been confirmed. We have no reliable information as to the circumstances of Maceo's death, but stories of Spanish treachery have been varied with rumors that the Cuban General was not killed, after all, but is alive and still active in the field. The case illustrates one of the chief embarrass-

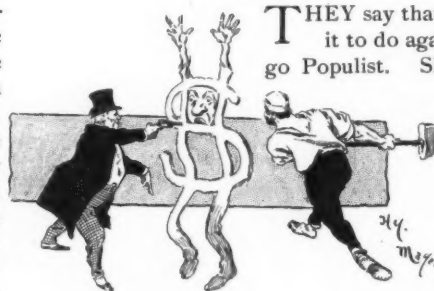
ments in all dealings with Cuba—the extreme difficulty of getting a reliable diagnosis on the strength of which a course of treatment may be prescribed.

* * *



THE notion that there is a possibility that Mr. Joseph Choate may succeed Senator Hill in the Senate is full of enlivening possibilities. Dr. Andrew D. White was complaining the other day that the reports of Congressional proceedings published in the newspapers were meagre and inadequate. The quickest and most effectual cure for that would be to get Mr. Choate, and a good many other men as much like him as possible, into Congress. There is never any trouble about getting reasonably full reports of any public utterances Mr. Choate may have discharged. He would make an exceedingly lively and creditable Senator from New York.

* * *



THEY say that if Kansas had it to do again she wouldn't go Populist. She shows symptoms of realizing that she has not done well for herself in choosing a Socialist Chief Justice and a Populist State

Government. Some of her people have been explaining and others protesting, and the very fact that protests and explanations are thought desirable is a good sign. She has poured out her medicine, though, and will have to take it. Her new rulers begin on their job after New Year's, and if they carry out half of their stated purposes in law-making the effect will be very interesting to watch from a safe distance. Hostility to capital as the root of all evil is the great Populist principle. When Populism comes in, Capital gets out as fast as possible. There is enough capital left in Kansas, however, that can't get away, to make good sport for Populist legislators, and to form the basis of useful object lessons for honest men.

Kansas has been foolish; but she is not too old to learn. Nearly half of her voters voted for sound money as it was, and among those who didn't there are thousands of decent people who have been deluded by various false theories, and especially by that most mischievous one of all—"Whatever of yours is within my reach is mine, provided I can pass a law that says so." Kansas must realize the inexpediency of that theory before she can hope to prosper. No doubt she will realize it mighty soon, even if she does not already.

DECEMBER

SARDOV



== APOTHEOSIS OF BERNHARDT ==



== HANNA IN WASHINGTON ==



"Guess I'll look in and see 'Prober'!"



"CAN'T YOU RECOGNIZE IT, SIR?"
"NOT YET. I CAN'T MAKE OUT MUCH BUT SMOKE."

== CARNEGIE'S PLATES ==



== THANK YOU, JUST THE SAME! ==

LAISSEZ FAIRE.

O H, let this year, that's just begun,
Be as the old one was !
Of course, mixed in among the fun
Were troubles, faults and flaws ;
But as a whole, or day by day,
With good and bad, and work and play,
According to my lights, I say
For growling there's no cause.

May there be no worse luck in store
For us, in this new year,
Than that which we pulled through
before,
And come out sound and clear.
And if we get as much of Joy,
As pure, no more of Grief's alloy,
And just as well our time employ,
Our growl no one shall hear.

Wood Levette Wilson.



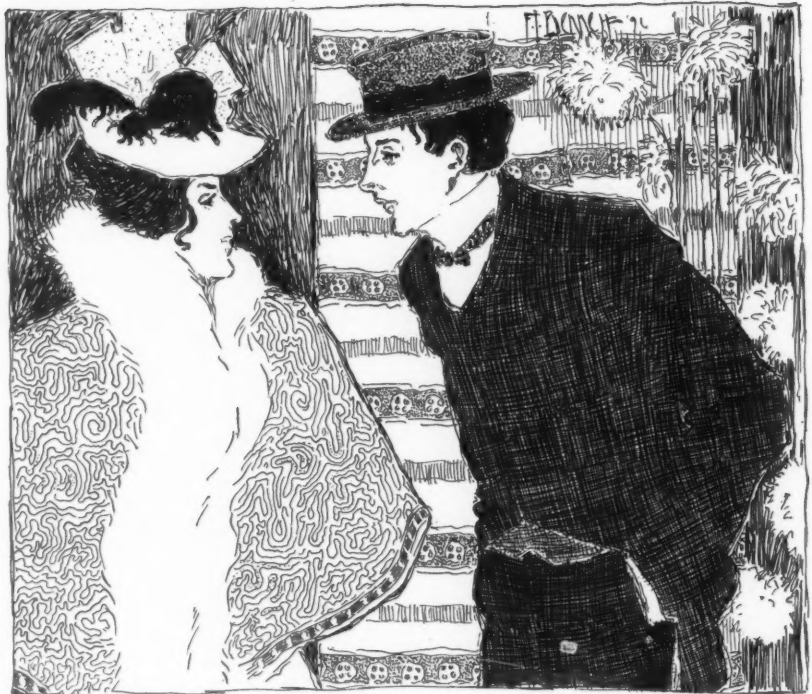
NEW PHASES OF THE SHORT STORY.

THE American Short Story has gone through a number of phases in the past ten years, and each of the steps in its evolution is well-represented at the present day by writers who follow their original methods, and retain a good audience of those who first admired their work when it was a novelty. A number of volumes of short stories that appeared during the prolific book season just ended, exemplify the steps in this evolution.

Mr. Page's "In Ole Virginia" (Scribners), in the gorgeous dress that betokens a well-established favorite, recalls the beginning of a school of dialect fiction. He and Mr. Harris and Mr. Cable started hundreds of young men and young women on a course of atrocious spelling. That was the penalty of their fame. But they also opened the eyes of people who would write to the value of local customs, character and tradition as material for American short stories. This influence has produced in almost every State writers who are adding something to the National spirit by making the rest of the country familiar with local characteristics.

Ruth McEnery Stuart has pushed this kind of story to its latest development in the series of sketches in Arkansas dialect, put together under the title "Sonny" (Century Co.). They are full of humor, and carry with them a distinct picture of the rural life in that distant State.

BUT a shadow fell on local fiction a few years ago—the shadow of popular discontent in the West. About the time that rumbles of populism began to be heard in



The Actor: WHAT SHALL I WEAR IN THE SNOW SCENE?

"WHY, YOUR REGULAR CLOTHES, OF COURSE."

"BUT AT PRESENT I AM WEARING MY LAST YEAR'S SUMMER SUIT."

Western political conventions, Mr. Hamlin Garland began to write the stories afterward put in "Main Travelled Roads." The note of pessimism, that Americans had looked upon as a curiosity of fiction imported from abroad, came with a new sound out of what we considered the free, aggressive and optimistic West. (E. W. Howe struck it years before in his powerful "Story of a Country Town.")

Since then the West has been self-conscious and somewhat sad of countenance in its fiction. The tales that Mrs. Peattie put in "A Mountain Woman" (Way & Williams), and Miss Pratt's "A Book of Martyrs" (Scribners), give with unusual acuteness of perception this minor tone of Western life as it falls on woman's ears. Miss Pratt's stories show a remarkable faculty of compressing a whole tragedy into a very few pages, and making no fuss about it.

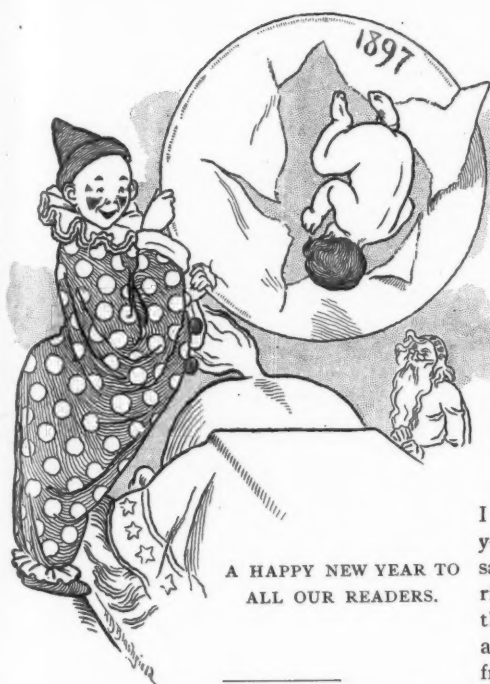
THE East has already got beyond groaning over its inevitable tragedies, and has for several years been easing its hurt by social and philanthropic experiments. No better interpretation of these has found its way into fiction than Miss Margaret Sherwood's "An Experiment in Altruism," and the very recent "A Puritan Bohemia" (Macmillan). In them we get one step away

from the people who make the social tragedy, and study the people who believe that they are alleviating it. This sort of fiction has reached its culmination in the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward. In England they call it the "problem novel." Over here it creeps into our short stories with a good deal of the humor of a popular fad. It is hard to make a healthy American believe that his fellow creatures are permanently miserable.

WE take more kindly to the latest phase of the American Short Story—that of pure Romance for the sake of the romance. It is highly amusing, and it does not hurt. The novels and stories of Robert W. Chambers have been among the best specimens of these. His latest volume, "The Maker of Moons" (Putnam), is notable for the vein of phantasy that glitters in the first three stories. Not only does he permit his imagination to run riot, but he carries the reader with him, believing in it all—and that is what a romantic story is made for.

Mr. Clinton Ross has followed the romantic method in his clever story of adventure, "The Puppet" (Stone & Kimball)—where what is improbable is made to seem feasible. Mr. Ross is making rapid advances in his construction of romantic tales, and in the ease of his narrative.

Droch.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO
ALL OUR READERS.

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

PAPA: Where did these wooden sticks on the floor come from?

MAMMA: Oh, those are pieces of Willie's indestructible tool-box.

"And these bits of plaster?"

"Why, that is part of the unbreakable doll we got for Mary."

A YEAR COMPELLED.

IT was the first minute of the first day of January. I had been waiting for this moment, and had determined upon a course of action which should forcibly break the hated monotony of my life.

It seemed that my plan was likely to be successful. The clock on my mantelpiece had barely finished striking the hour—the whir of the gong was still audible—as I seized the hand of the New Year.

The Child drew back from me; in his clear blue eyes there was no trace of fear, though in my right hand I held a whip of many thongs.

"New Year," I said, "I have you in my power. Grant my wishes and I set you free. Refuse me, and I will scourge you from the face of the earth, though thereby I break the

power of your father, Time, and plunge the world into dark depths of Eternity."

The Child did not flinch. With his clear eyes he looked into my very soul.

"What can you want, more than you already possess?" he asked. "You are counted happy; successful; you have many friends."

"Listen: I want love, riches, fame; these three. You can bring them to me if you wish. Will you do it?"

The Child looked at me incredulously. "But those three—you have them already."

I shook him, impatiently. "Child," I said, "you cannot understand. Do you imagine that such scant measure satisfies a full-grown soul? Love, riches, fame; I will have them in their fullness. What is mine, now, is as nothing. It is all so petty. A friend or two; money enough for to-day—yes, perhaps for to-morrow; a fame that extends from here to a neighboring village. Can these things satisfy? Riches, fame, love, in fullest measure; bring them to me ere you pass from earth. Do you promise?"

The Child's face seemed to lose for a moment its child-like character, and to assume an expression of stern reproof. Perhaps it was merely a fancy, for when he spoke there was a ring of sincerity in his voice that made it impossible for me to doubt the honesty of his purpose.

"Love, riches, fame," said the New Year; "these three in their fullest measure shall your soul possess before my time is over. I promise."

I did not doubt his word. I let him go.

A silvery sound echoed through the room. Did the New Year laugh, mocking my trust? I hastily snatched at him as he passed, and caught his hand. But one look into the depths of his eyes satisfied me. Once more I let him go.

* * *

The last night of December. I was waiting to seize the Old Year ere he escaped from the world.

All good things had been taken from me; revenge, at least, I would have. I would make him rue his broken promise.

From my clock came the preliminary click preceding the first stroke of the hour. A few seconds more and the false Year would have passed beyond my reach, into the place of things that have been and are not. I summoned all my energies; every power I possessed I centred upon the one determination. Revenge I would have.

The Old Year, who had been the New Year, stood before me. The little, clear-eyed child had changed to a tall, shadowy man, his eyes hidden away under shaggy brows.

I seized him roughly by a shrunk arm. He wavered in my grasp, like a weed in the wind.

"Liar!" I hissed in his ear. "Liar! where are your promised gifts? You have played me false. Liar! Liar! Liar!"

At every word I raised my arm to strike him; but one cannot strike a shadow, the shadow of an old man.

And suddenly, from under those shaggy brows, his eyes gleamed out at me like burning coals. I fell back



ON A GOLD BASIS.



"With his clear eyes he looked into my very soul."



Query: "DOES THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF MAN RENDER HIM UNFIT FOR DOMESTIC DUTIES?"

before them; they made me afraid, as I had never thought to feel afraid of anything.

"You are talking wildly," said the Old Year; and his voice was clear and very calm. "You are talking wildly, and I have little time to listen. What is your complaint?"

With an effort I restrained my wrath. I would try to put the case before him plainly.

"You promised me, at the first moment of your existence, that you would bring me riches, fame, love. Have you forgotten?"

"I have not forgotten," said the Old Year; and the shadows round his mouth quivered, so that he appeared to smile. "I have not forgotten. Well, what has happened to you?"

The question, recalling my wrongs, renewed my wrath.

"What has happened to me?" I cried, fiercely. "Why, so far from bringing me those three things, or any one of them, you have taken them from me. A year ago to-night

I had money, friends, fame. To-night I am penniless, friendless, utterly forgotten by the world. Is it so you keep your promises?"

"Slowly, my friend, slowly. An old man cannot follow your hasty words. You say that I have taken from you love, fame and riches. Is that your meaning?"

"Yes," I answered, giving him a sudden shake to emphasize my accusation.

Again he turned his glowing eyes upon me; and there was a gleam of anger in them now which stopped the hot words of denunciation that were ready on my tongue.

"My time is short," said he, sternly. "I ought not to waste words on you. Judge for yourself whether I have wronged you. When I came you told me that you lacked three things: riches, fame, love. Now you say that I have taken them from you. How can that be?"

"O—but I had them—I didn't realize," I stammered. "But now I know."

"Ah, yes. Now you know what love and riches and fame are?"

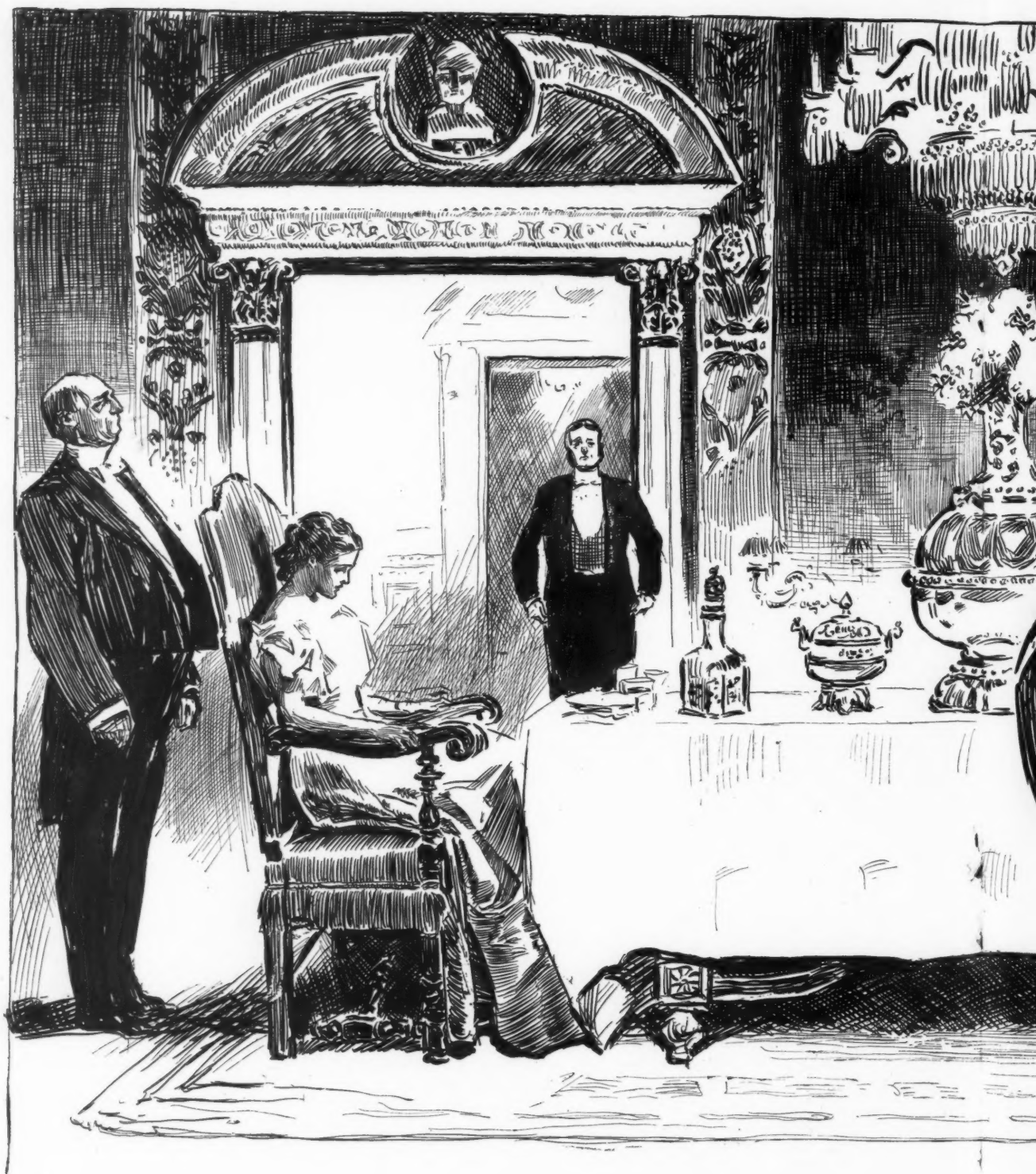
"Yes, yes," I answered, eagerly. "I can appreciate them now. Give them back to me—quickly, before you go."

"Fool," said the Old Year. "Do you not yet understand? Riches, fame and love are yours now. I have fulfilled my promise. That which the soul knows, that it possesses. Riches, fame and love belong not to the man who has them outwardly, but to him who has learned to know them inwardly. When you had them, you had them not. What you have lost is gained. What I have taken from you, I have placed in your possession. Henceforth their outward forms may come or go; the realities are yours forever."

The last stroke of midnight sounded. The Old Year vanished. A clear-eyed child stood in his place, and seemed to wait my word.

"New Year," I said, humbly; "New Year, bring me whatsoever you will."

Geraldine Meyrick.







HALCYON DAYS.



THE IMPORTED "TRILBY."

IT wasn't necessary for Mr. Beerbohm Tree to do "Trilby" in New York, except possibly from his own point of view. We have had it so much better done in every particular that his production was a work of supererogation. Every part in the well-known dramatization has been better done than by Mr. Tree and his company, and in its entirety the New York rendering was certainly more spirited and adequate. The text of Du Maurier was more faithfully adhered to, and at no cost of dramatic effect.

To a good many people this will seem a paralyzing statement. What! An American playwright take the work of a British author—only it must be remembered that Du Maurier was not altogether British—turn it into a play, produce it in this country with an American stage setting and a cast of New York actors, and yet get a better result than the same version fixed over to suit British ideas and produced on a London stage by a British actor-manager and his London troupe! Yes, and one has only to bear in mind the book itself, to remember Mr. Palmer's production and then witness Mr. Tree's version, and though it may hurt to admit that New York can possibly do anything artistic better than London can, the admission will have to be made. The changes in the scenario and text made by Mr. Tree and Mr. Potter to

please the British fancy are departures from the story as Mr. Du Maurier wrote it, and detract from its truth to life. The spirit of the production is British and heavy, lacking the France and the Bohemia which pervaded our version. The cast, taken character for character, from *Svengali* down to the dancing grisettes, is inferior at every point.

LIFE knows that it is unpatriotic to admit this. There isn't a Johnnie nor a Chappie in town who could conceive its possibility.

It is part of our local faith to acknowledge that we are behind all the rest of the world in everything, except, possibly, patent medicines and buck-wheat cakes. Conscience knows that we are behind in a good many things, but when we find one little one—especially in the artistic way—where we excel, let us flap our wings just a trifle and give a very modest crow of self-congratulation.

This is not at Mr. Tree's expense. He is nothing like so great an actor as he would have us believe, but he produced "Trilby" in a fashion that pleased the British public, and it is said gained a lot of money as well as won the approval of Mr. George Du Maurier himself. We are only sorry that the lamented author could not have seen the American production, to learn how much more

closely we adhered to his ideals, and how much more sacred we held his text. Mr. Tree may hold that his changes make a more effective play, taken as a play simply, but even this claim is open to very serious dispute. "Trilby" was a far from probable story, but its great merit lay in its pathos, its vivid reproduction of an atmosphere, and its carefully drawn characters, so drawn that they seemed alive. The American production sought to transfer this carefully to the stage, and succeeded so well that it gave us the "Trilby" of Du Maurier, instead, as in the British version, the "Trilby" of Tree.

* * *

IN commenting on the proposed theatre-hat legislation, some sections of the press assume to be afraid that coercion may move the spirit of obstinacy in women, and after the bill becomes a law our condition will be worse than it is now. We are not in favor of a law on this subject, but we don't believe well-bred and thoughtful women are going to be made any worse by its existence, and it might possibly reach the cases of those women who are not to be moved by any considerations of decent regard for the rights of others. For the one kind no law is necessary; to the other no law could appeal, unless backed up by a policeman's authority and a prospective ride in a patrol-wagon.

Metcalfe.

THE Horse Clippers' Union wants a law passed in New York State that horse clippers shall have to serve a three years' apprenticeship, pass an examination, and take out a license before they can practice their vocation. Avast, horse clippers! It doesn't take three years to learn to clip a horse, and a clipper has no more need of a license than a barber. Monopoly is what you are after, horse clippers. We all want little monopolies in our several trades nowadays, and we should make it our business, severally and collectively, to put obstacles in one another's way. There isn't enough monopoly to go around, and the distribution of what there is should be arranged with an eye to the interests of the whole community.

RIFFETT: That was a terrible accident that happened to the air-ship.

SPARKS: What was the trouble? "They ran into a Chicago cloud."



AN EYE FOR COLOR.



ANNOUNCEMENT!

LIFE FOR 1897.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENT.

IT will pay you to read 'his, because it means much to many burdened households. During the coming year, *LIFE* will not publish any articles by the Hon. Benjamin Harrison, Stephen Crane, Dwight Moody, J. M. Barrie, Willie Bryan, Mrs. Rorer, Conan Doyle, Anthony Comstock, E. W. Bok, Poultney Bigelow, Hall Caine, Ruth Ashmore, Steve Brodie, James Corbett or Hoot Mon Maclaren. This is worth thinking about, but it is not all. By herculean efforts, and the expenditure of nearly eight hundred dollars in cash, we have succeeded in getting together the following

ABSORBING FEATURES.

- A beautiful photogravure frontispiece of Rudyard Kipling's back-door step, with full view of author.
- A superb series of snap shots taken at Drumtochty, showing Dr. Watson in his daily life, as follows: "In Bed," "Feeding Himself," "Breathing." Also his tooth-brush (actual life size), hat, shoes, and other interesting articles of wardrobe actually worn by the great Scotsman.
- The *Life* and *Times* of Napoleon Bonaparte, George Washington, and W. D. Howells, written especially for *LIFE* by the latter. The author, although hitherto unknown to the public, is peculiarly fitted for his work, having been employed on nearly every magazine in the country. New anecdotes, spark-

ling text matter, daguerreotypes to burn, and portraits till you can't rest, will be thrown in.

"Science As It Does Not Exist." By an ex-Congressman and former reporter of the *World*, who naturally withholds his name. This wonderful series of articles will be illustrated by portraits of some of the most inconspicuous actresses of the day, showing them as they really are.

"Untrodden Fields of Art." A beautiful collection of reproductions of some of the worst examples of modern art, with explanatory text matter written by an office boy hired especially for the purpose. Among some striking types may be mentioned: "Meet Me at the Sewer," by Pulitzer; "The Battle Field," by Theodore Roosevelt; "Waiting," by M. Hanna; "The Limit," by Hearst; "Marooned," by Bryan; "The Proxy," by McKinley; and "Posing," by Parkhurst;

NONE OF WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED.

And this is one among many reasons why *LIFE* will be one of the most desirable papers to read during the coming year.



DONALD IS HERE!

YES.

Donald Macslushey is with us!

Donald Macslushey, the writer of dialect, the author of "Sentimental Soosie," "My Wee, Wee Galoot," and "In the Bonnie Briar Pipe," is really here.

As he stepped upon the wharf a great shout rent the air, and when the American woman realized that a Scotch story-teller was so near her she fainted by dozens from pure hysteria.

Hundreds fell upon his neck, and would have clung till now had it not been for the stiffness of his crimson whiskers and a strong odor of Inverness.

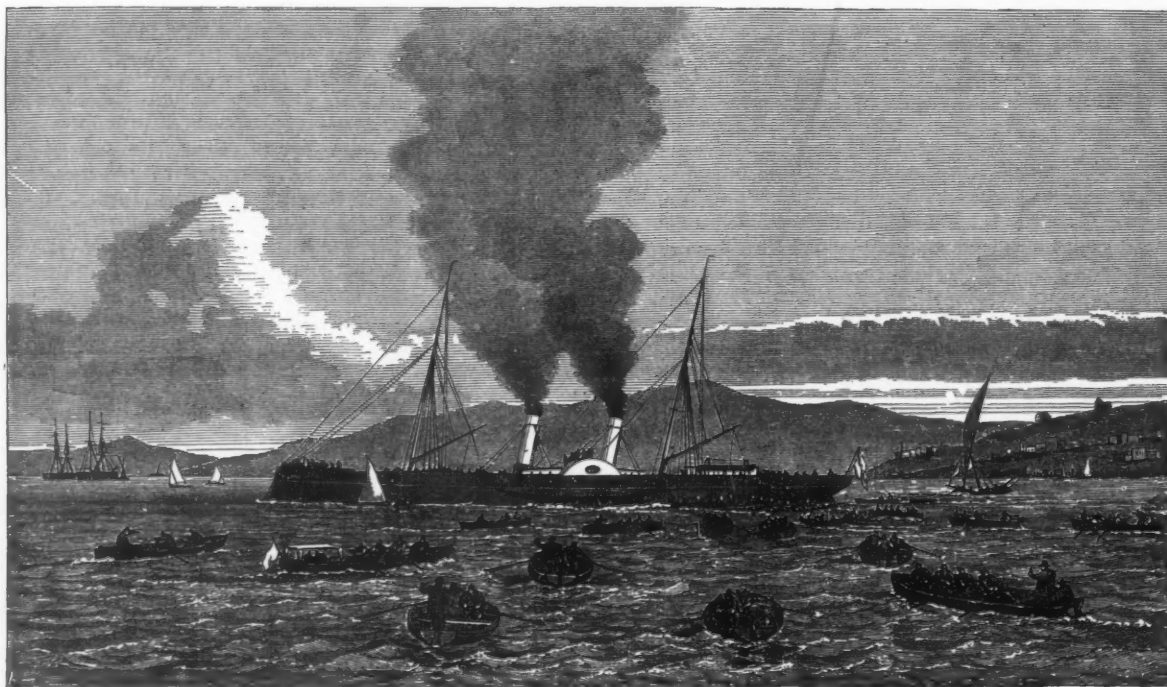


DONALD MACSLUSHEY AS HE LOOKS TO-DAY.

page of any one of Donald Macslushey's volumes will bring tears to a woman's eyes. Like others of his countrymen, he prefers a minister for a hero. It is whispered in literary circles that his forthcoming novel, "The Ticcit Parson," is a masterpiece of its kind. Perhaps his most popular novel to-day among the women of America is his touching story of "Goody-Goody MacGoody." Of course it is difficult to surpass Ian Maclaren or James M. Barrie in the lachrymose field, but Mr. Macslushey holds his own.

HIS LECTURES.

He has been offered ninety-two thousand dollars a night for a series



ARRIVAL OF DONALD MACSLUSHEY IN THE LOWER BAY.

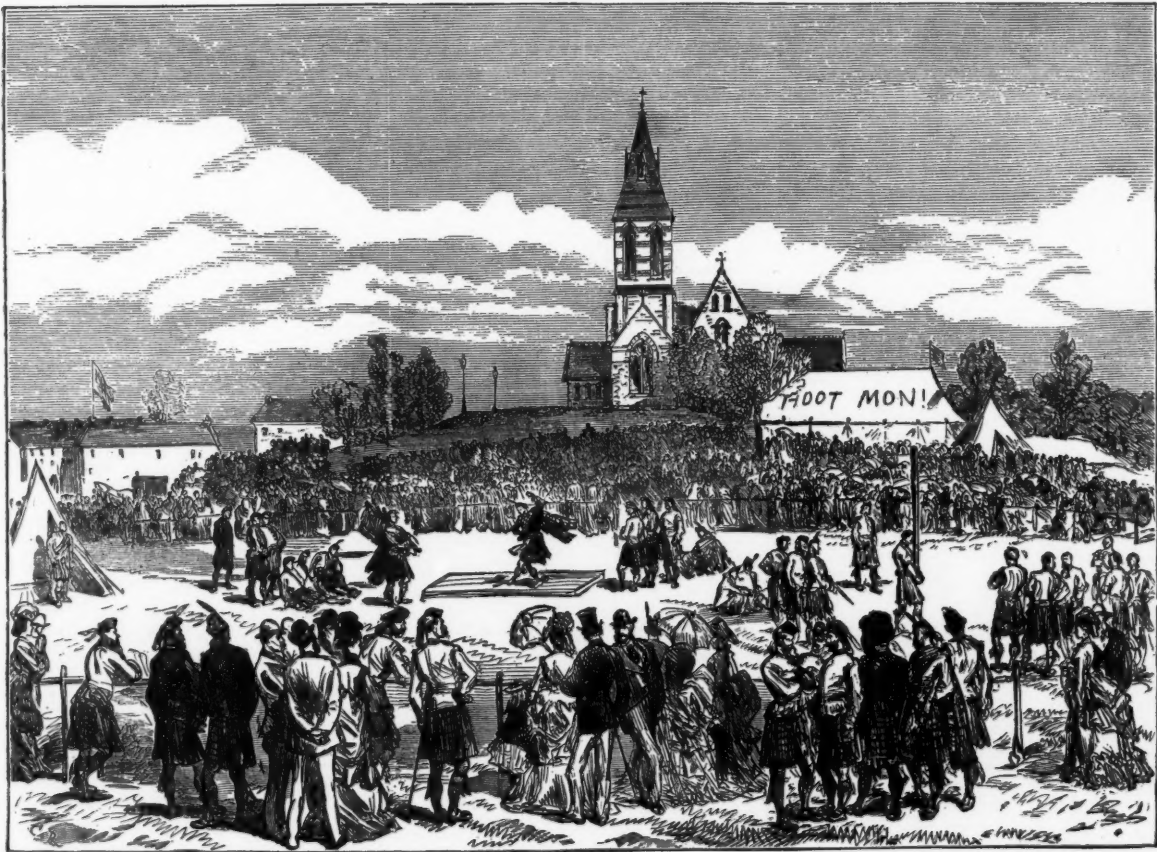
HIS APPEARANCE.

Mr. Macslushey is tall and short, red and yellow, with light-blue eyes. He wears no trowsers. His head and nose are bald; his voice is full, and so also, at times; is Donald himself. His legs are thin, but his feet are wide, and altogether he is a splendid specimen of what haggis and oatmeal can accomplish.

HIS WRITINGS.

He employs dialect to a great extent, which, of course, renders his books incomprehensible to American readers, but this has no evil effect upon the sales. His great power, as with other modern Scotch authors, lies in making his feminine readers weep. It is asserted by his publishers that the perusal of the title-

of eight hundred lectures on *The Superiority of Scotch Dialect Over Other Modes of Expression*. It is expected by his friends at home that he will make some money while he is over here. At his first lecture, night before last, all traffic in this city was stopped, and it is estimated that three hundred thousand people were in the streets about the building



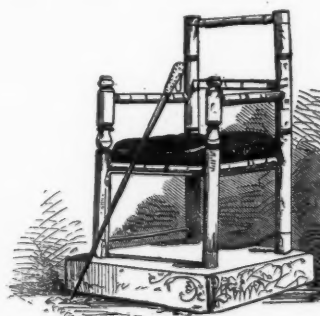
DONALD MACSLUSHEY DANCING IN DIALECT AT A FÊTE GIVEN IN HIS HONOR LAST THURSDAY BY THE BRA SICCIT MACRUBBISH SOCIETY OF WEST ORANGEPEEL.

waiting for a glimpse of the great author as he came out.

His delivery was poor and his lan-



BIRTHPLACE OF DONALD MACSLUSHEY IN TUMTITODDY.



CHAIR IN WHICH THE IDEA FOR "MY BONNY PRAFFITS" WAS CONCEIVED. Now in Metropolitan Museum.

guage incomprehensible, but the excitement was unprecedented. Women, as they fainted, were packed away in the cellar.

HIS MANNERS.

Although more of a gentleman in his manners than Mr. Barrie, there is yet room for improvement; but this is his first absence from home, and much should be forgiven. He has a good appetite, eats rapidly and well, and does not care to converse at his meals.

WHEN you turn over a new leaf it is just as well not to mention the number of the page.

"I S de earth round?"

"Course 'tis!"

"How d'yer know?"

"D'yer s'pose thim cable cars 'd wurk round a square earth, yer bloke!"



"THE female sex," said Monsieur Calino, lately, "is the most illogical in the world."
 "What new proof have you of the want of devotion of women to the canons of logic?" he was asked.
 "Why, take my wife," answered Monsieur Calino. "I had all the trouble in the world to get her to enter her thirties, and now, a dozen years later, I can't get her out of them."—*The Wave*.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was not always the fluent orator and ready extemporaneous speaker that he is to-day, but this is not a matter of surprise, as precocity is never proof of greatness, although it has in many noted instances characterized those who afterward became great. Theodore Roosevelt was a wide-awake, hustling youth, good at his books, but better at his sports, a lover of all outdoors, and a healthy, hearty, sturdy American boy. At school he was required to write essays, deliver orations, "speak pieces," just as are all schoolboys in those modern days, and his old playmates still delight to relate how "Ted" brought the house down by his method of rendering that old stand-by, "Marco Bozaris."

Everybody knows at least the beginning of the stirring poem:

At midnight in his guarded tent
 The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knees in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power.

When young Roosevelt's turn came to speak he rose with all confidence and began:

"At midnight in his guarded tent
 The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knees—"
 Then his memory failed him and he repeated:
 "Greece her knees—"
 In vain; his memory stubbornly refused to work.
 Once more he shouted desperately:
 "Greece her knees—"
 The old professor looked over his spectacles and encouragingly remarked:
 "Grease her knees once more, Theodore; perhaps she'll go then."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

A RECENT elopement and wedding in Chicago have revealed the fact that there is an elopement club among the girls of a Chicago high school. Its written constitution has been discovered, and its salient features are as follows:

"This organization shall be called 'The H. P. H. S. Elopement Club.'

"Absolute secrecy as to time and particulars of elopement shall be maintained even between members.

"Membership shall be limited to seven, and shall cease the moment the wedding-ring is placed on a true sister's finger.

"The older the man inveigled into eloping, the more credit shall be given the departing sister.

"Boys under eighteen years are not to be considered responsible.

"Milwaukee is the Gretna Green preferable.

"Trunks and trousseaus absolutely forbidden. Long wedding trips are also barred.



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 New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

How to Listen to Music. By Henry Edward Krehbiel.
 New York: Charles Scribners' Sons.

Matins. By Francis Sherman. Boston: Copeland and Day.

The Harvard Index. Vol. XXIII. Cambridge: Co-operative Printing Society.

"The penalty for being a member for longer than two years is expulsion.

"Each departing member shall suggest a sister to take her place.

"First, last, and always, the motto of the club shall be:

"Elope, elope! We care not where,
 Just so we find a husband there."

—Argonaut.

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HOT SCOTCH.

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It was a kald murning i' Abernytheshire near the krag. Ean Mac Clooren goot cop and thressed as foost as he coold in the kald. His twa wee bairns koodled doon i' the bloonkets. "Ach weef," sad hee, "oor Scootch kliemat goos ageen mi grain. Only yester whe' E tried to tooch an auld freend for a guinea or twa he answered: "Na, Ean, wee Scootch be canny and E hov auny enoof for E'.

"Whoot'koon E do to ge' the goold?" sad E.

"Go to Amereeca and leetoor to the sauvages theer, get goold put a' tul' ma' ther', spa, und ven sie geld genughaben coom back and spend it here in Scootland and 'roast' those Americans in a brand new guide-book to America.' Dear weef, E will go und geet goold so thot the wee bairns kon cuddle doon soom moor." Whan the milengtfu' gentelma' ha' sai' tha' h' thoct of a wed-dent that, be gorra, he had to perform tha' day. Twa of his choorch meembers, Mr. Hand ond Miss Foote, were to be married. As he thoct oof this he suddntly clasped his hoonds twagither moaning: "Ach, dear weef, E cand marry Meester Hoond and Miss Foote." "Why, (aber) nit?" answered his wife. "Beca," sad he, "tha' couldna' get a divorce."

"But gimme your reasons for sayen so," spoke his wife.

"Beca' tha would be bound Hand and Foote."—*Texas Siftings*.

It was on a train going through Indiana. Among the passengers were a newly-married couple, who made themselves known to such an extent that the occupants of the car commenced passing sarcastic remarks about them. The bride and groom stood the remarks for some time, but finally the latter, who was a man of tremendous size, broke out in the following language at his tormenters: "Yes, we're married — just married. We are going 160 miles further on this train, and I am going to 'spoon' all the way. If you don't like it, you can get out and walk. She's my violet and I'm her sheltering oak." During the remainder of the journey they were left in peace.—*Exchange*.

It is said that, on account of their depth and coldness, the waters of Lake Superior do not give up their dead. A recent traveler there asked the captain of a Lake Superior steamer why he carried life preservers, the water being so cold that one could not long survive immersion. "Oh," was the nonchalant reply, "we carry the corks so that it will be easier to recover the bodies!"

—*Argonaut*.

DURING his last season in New York an irate creditor, who had sued out a writ of attachment, courteously went to see Colonel Mapleson about it a few hours before the time for beginning the performance. Afterward he told his experience to Arditi. "Well, did you get your money?" asked the latter. "Get nothing!" was the reply. "I listened to him talk, sent the deputy sheriff home, and when I came out of his office I had loaned him \$75 in cash."—*The Wave*.

THE palm for absent-mindedness is probably taken by a learned German, whom a Berlin comic paper calls Professor Dusel, of Bonn. One day the professor noticed his wife placing a large bouquet on his desk. "What does that mean?" he asked.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?"

"Ah, indeed, is it?" said the professor, politely. "Kindly let me know when yours comes around, and I will reciprocate the favor."

—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

THE new woman orator waxed eloquent.

"And what," she demanded, as she came to the climax, "is to be the result of our emancipation?"

She looked around with the calm assurance of one who had asked a poser, and this was too much for the little man who was waiting for his wife in a far corner of the hall.

"I know," he shouted.

"Ah," returned the new woman on the platform, scornfully, "the little man with the bald head thinks he has solved the problem that we came here to discuss this afternoon. We will gladly give our attention while he tells us what is to be the result."

"Cold dinners and ragged children," roared the little man.—*Chicago Post*.

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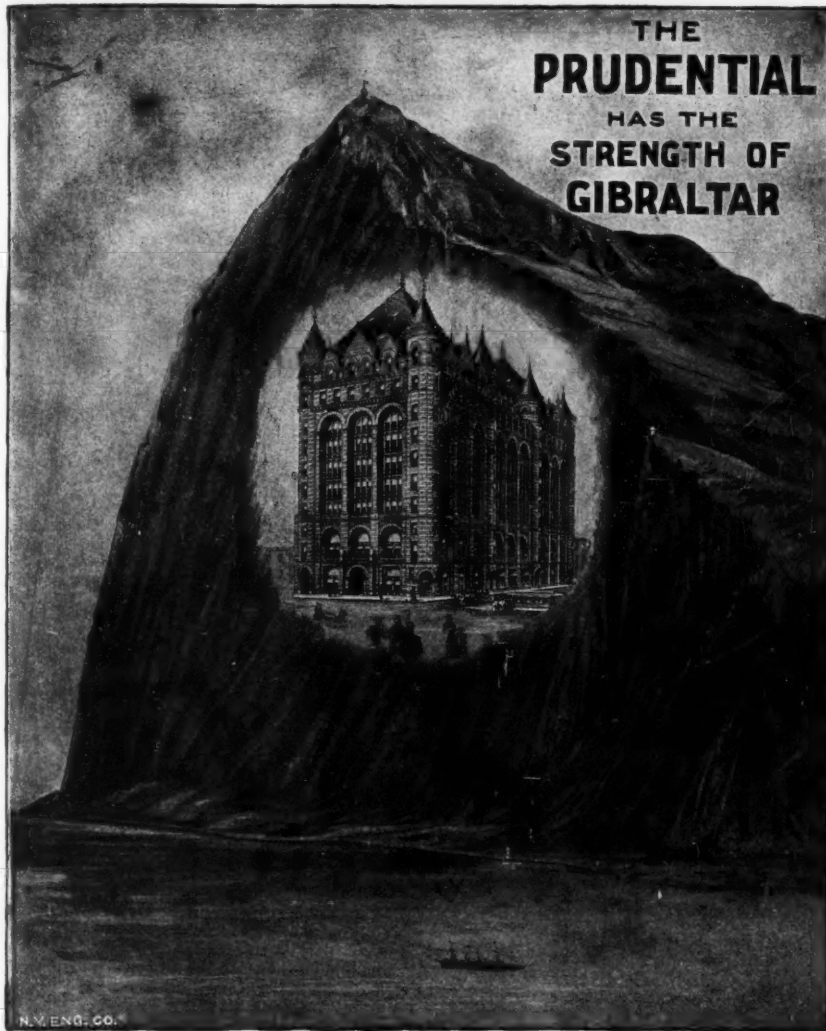
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FOR weeks and weeks Tom Sheppard had been a sick man at our mining camp at Black Bear Valley. Everybody felt sorry for him, and yet a sick man in a mining camp was a great inconvenience and a burden. One day Judge Watkins went up to see him, and after finding him no better and no worse than he had been for many weeks he said:

"Tom, I don't want to seem cold-hearted about this thing, but the boys are beginning to wonder why you don't die or get well."

"Yes, reckon they are," replied Tom, "and you kin tell 'em I'm goin' to die."

"Do you feel it's fur the best, Tom?"

"I do. I ain't got much to live fur and might as well peg out now as any other time. I've been waitin' fur a week or two."

"Waitin'! Fur what?"

"Fur to die decently. I'm no lord or duke, but I want things fixed up in good shape. I want to be washed up, shaved, hev my hair cut and get into some decent duds, and I won't die till I do."

The Judge told the boys what was required, and that afternoon two or three of 'em knocked off work and fixed Tom up. A shirt was borrowed of one, a coat of another, a vest of another, and by-and-by the sick man was rigged out in the best the camp afforded. When all this had been done he said:

"Now, then, I feel more like dyin', but there's one more thing I want. I want Joe Billings to come up with his fiddle and play me a few tunes."

"But Joe's mighty busy to-day," protested one of the men.

"Can't help that. He either comes or I don't die. I'm goin' out of this camp in decent shape or hang right on fur the three next months!"

Joe was sent for, and after considerable kicking he got his fiddle and went up to Tom's shanty. Tom was propped up in bed and waiting, and Joe sat down and gave him the "Old Oaken Bucket," "Old Folks at Home," "Nellie Gray," and half a dozen other well-known airs. He had been playing for an hour, his eyes on the hills opposite, when Judge Watkins looked in and said:

"Cut it off, Joe—Tom's dead!"

And so he was, and when the boys came to observe the pleased and contented look on his face they were agreed that he had died decently and been given a fair start on his way.—*New York Herald.*

THE new order had begun to be a pretty old thing, when one evening she came home to find her husband in tears.

"The cook," sobbed the unhappy man, "has gone and bought a new stovepipe hat just like mine."

—*Detroit Tribune.*

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